

of Rev. Mr. Stearns and Robert Pierpont, for the anti-slavery cause.

New York, May 14, 1853.

Dear Wife:

I do not know how the mercury actually stood in Boston on Monday, but I am sure it seemed to be of a July temperature in the cars from Boston to this city. Every body was in "the melting mood," every one dust-colored, and immensely relieved on getting through, and resorting to a bath as quickly as possible. Our anti-slavery company was never so small before, with reference to Anniversary Week. It consisted of Edmund Quincy, John T. Sargeant, and myself — Phillips having preceded us in the night train, in order to be fresh for his Cooper Institute speech, Monday evening. At Worcester, Mr. May and his mother joined us, and these were all the recognized abolitionists in that long and crowded train. What then?

"It must be that the Kingdom's coming,

And the year of jubile" —

and our distinctive movement is nearly swallowed up in the great revolution in Northern sentiment which has been going on against slavery and slavery since the bombardment of Sumter. Usually, the number of clergymen has been large and conspicuous, going on to attend their several anniversary meetings; but, this time, I did not see a single one in all the crowd! Of course, there must have been a few; but, if so, they were no longer distinguishable, for the "white choikers," the token of clerical sanctity, had evidently gone "to the receptacle of things lost on earth."

Phillips's meeting at the Institute, Monday evening, was a splendid one, and he acquitted himself in a way to gather fresh laurels from his brow. His speech was reported in full in the Tribune of Tuesday morning. At the conclusion of it, I was loudly called for, but held back. Then calls were made for Horace Greeley, who came forward and made a few remarks in his queer-toned voice and a very awkward manner. The cries were renewed for me, and I said a few words, the applause being general and very marked. When I first entered the hall, and was conducted to a seat on the platform by the side of Mayor Opdyke, the audience broke out in repeated bursts of applause. What a change in popular sentiment and feeling from the old mobocratic, pro-slavery times! And, remember, this was a meeting called by the Sixteenth Republican Ward Association! In the course of his speech, Phillips made a sharp reference to Charles Sumner's denunciation in securing the elevation of that despiser of the negro race, Col. Stevenson, to a Brigadier General. It took the audience by surprise, but there was no hiss; on the contrary, the censure was applauded as the facts were stated.

Our opening session at Dr. Cheever's Church was attended by a thronged house, and in all respects a great success. As the Tribune of ~~yesterday~~ contained a very full report of the proceedings, you can judge of the spirit of the occasion by a perusal of it. Our evening meeting at the Cooper Institute was also an excellent one - Theodore Tilton making the opening speech, (a very good one,) and Phillips following in one of his finest efforts - Henry B. Stanton concluding the meeting in an impromptu, racy and eloquent speech, after the olden time.

Our business meetings were interesting, though small. There was a general expression of sentiment, that the Society must not be dissolved until slavery is extinct. Frederick Douglass ventured to show himself, and participated in the discussions, which created some little friction. In view of ^{his} ungrateful and treacherous course towards our Society, his assurance seemed to me excessive. "Confidence is a plant of slow growth," and in his case will be particularly so with me. Still, I admire and wonder at his ability.

Yesterday morning, I took breakfast at Mrs. Stanton's, in 45th street, along with Theodore and Angelina Weld, Susan B. Anthony, Phillips, John T. Sargeant, and other friends. It was a very pleasant occasion - all the more so seeing at the table seven children, from 21 years downwards, five boys and two girls, and all fine looking, well-behaved and promising.

Last evening, I went to take tea with Mrs. Underhill, (formerly Miss Fox, the medium,) in company with Mr. Sargeant, where we had divers spiritual manifestations - communications from John Brown, Isaac T. Hopper, my mother - &c. Isaac and Amy Post, of Rochester, were also present.

The weather has been rainy, as usual, and very warm, with a good deal of thunder and lightning. I have not yet found time to call upon any one, except Rev. Mr. Frothingham. Of course, I have met with a good many friends at the meetings, interchanged a few inquiries, and then separated - among these, Anna Percy, Tommy Benson, Mattie Griffith, &c., but none of the Anthonys from Brooklyn. To-morrow I intend visiting a number.

The carbuncle upon John Hopper's neck has almost cost him his life, and still has a frightful look, though he considers himself almost well. He has given me several photographs for Franky. I miss the little deformed boy, Bobby, very much. Little Willie has no idea of his death, as he did not see him when he was dead, and supposes he has gone somewhere to live in a beautiful clime where he is very happy.

The first session of the Convention of Loyal Women was held, this morning, at Dr. Cheever's Church. Lucy Stone was President, Mrs. Wright of Auburn, and Mrs. Coleman of Rochester, Secretaries. Speeches were made by Mrs. Weld, Mrs. Stanton, &c., but hardly any of the speakers were heard for lack of voice, and, on the whole, the meeting was almost a dead failure - resolving itself, in fact, into a Woman's Rights Convention. It has not been wisely got up. It will hold another session in the Cooper Institute, this evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Bramhall desire me to go to Orange, and spend the Sunday with them; but it is now my purpose to leave here, with John T. Sargent, on Saturday morning, and shall hope to be with you and the children at the tea-table that evening.

Our friend, Henry C. Wright, expects to be with you in the morning, as he leaves for Boston this afternoon. I am glad to see him looking so well and hearty.

I hope Mr. Pillsbury's health is improving, but shall not be surprised if he breaks down utterly.

I am feeling very well, and trust the jaunt will aid me in the way of better health.

With a husband's and a father's love, I remain,
Yours, by indissoluble bonds, W. L. G.